UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson | Louis L. Mann | Curtis W. Reese

What Next?

By JESSE H. HOLMES

Exploring Harlem

By SYDNEY STRONG

Towards Brotherhood

By VINCENT BURNS

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part IV, Chapter XXVIII

By M. K. GANDHI

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John Haynes Holmes — **Francis Neilson**
Curtis W. Reese — **Louis L. Mann**

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CI MONDAY, APRIL 2, 1928 NUMBER 5

WAR AND THE PEOPLES

"The best simile I can find of the present-day posture of the inhabitants of the civilized states of the world, faced ever with the danger of war, is that of the captive rowers in opposing war galleys. The poor rowers toil at the oars of their nationalist sentiments, chained to the benches by their prejudices and their fears. Presently the galleys will be joined in battle ramming and sinking each other, the poor rowers tugging at their oars between decks and encompassing their own destruction."

Lt. Commander J. M. Kenworthy in "Peace or War?"

Secretary Kellogg is proving to be an able propagandist for the Outlawry program. In his speech before the Council of Foreign Relations in New York, on March 15th last, he gave as lucid and convincing an analysis of the peace problem in general and of the United States policy in particular as has ever been presented in official speech. Most questions, said Secretary Kellogg, can and should be settled by arbitration. Hence the value of such treaties as that just concluded between America and France. But not all questions can be arbitrated! Returning to the old distinction originally made by President Taft between justiciable and non-justiciable questions, the Secretary of State pointed out that certain occasions of dispute, such as immigration, for example, are essentially political and domestic in their nature, and therefore cannot be submited to arbitration for settlement. Such disputes must be left to conciliation. "The United States has been a party to conciliation treaties for fifteen years," said Mr. Kellogg, "and while there has never yet been an occasion for invoking them, I know of no reason why this country should object to an inquiry by a commission of conciliation. . . . The object which is sought to be attained by conciliation treaties is the prevention of war, and in my opinion any Government can well afford to submit to inquiry any question which may threaten to involve it in the horrors of war." But suppose that conciliation fails where arbitration is inapplicable. What then? Why, the Outlawry of War! The nations must agree that, even if the question in dispute is not and cannot be settled, *they will not go to war about it.* War, as a method of settling disputes, shall be abandoned forthwith—the whole institution outlawed and thus abolished. For no dispute is worth fighting about. There is nothing to be gained, by either party to the dispute, in forcing a settlement at such a price as that of war. Disputes, after all, don't have to be settled offhand, immediately, at any cost. Life goes on in the case of individuals with disputes remaining unsettled between them for years. Why not between nations? The main thing is to get rid of war, and this can be done by agreeing to live with disputes rather than to fight and die over them. Arbitration, *conciliation.* OUTLAWRY—here is the trinity of peace!

What a crowd of innocents inhabited Washington during the Harding administration! A gang of thieves undertook deliberately to rob the government of priceless oil lands through the agency of the Republican Party, duly bought and paid for. The President, Mr. Harding, knew nothing of what was going on, so it is said. Mr. Denby, from whose Navy Department it was necessary to transfer the lands in order to let the rogues get hold of them, was totally oblivious of the real meaning and purpose of the transaction. Colonel Roosevelt, who trotted around carrying the papers, and signing a few, never dreamed that there was any mischief in the wind. President Coolidge, then Vice-President, who attended all cabinet meetings, apparently sat not only as dumb as a clam but also as deaf as an adder. Mr. Hughes, the great secretary of state, and Mr. Hoover, the busy secretary of commerce, went right through the Harding administration, and were as ignorant as babes in the woods of Fall, and Daugherty, the little green house on K street, and all the rest. Mr. Mellon, "the greatest secretary of the treasury since Hamilton," was totally unsuspicious of Will Hays's blocks of Liberty Bonds, because he had never heard anything about the Continental Trading Company. Really, now, has there been any such state of simplicity since the days of the Kate Greenaway girls? But why stop there? As a matter of fact, has the world ever seen such innocence since Adam lived with Eve in the Garden of Eden before the unhappy apple episode? For ourselves, we say flatly that we can't believe any such tales of innocence as these. Not that we believe these men to be themselves guilty of offense. Not at all! But what we do say is that these men were members of an administration which was reeking with corruption, they lived in Washington when it was echoing with scandal in every nook and corner, and they did nothing. History will not leave them blameless.

Hughes, Hoover and the rest are doomed forever to be remembered in company with Harding and his crew.

Character counts for something, after all! On the same front-page of a daily newspaper we read about the attempts to entangle on the one hand the late President Harding and on the other hand Governor Smith in the oil scandals. The charge against Harding, which may or may not be confirmed by the time this paragraph is printed, turns upon the question of his possession of some portion of the United States bonds purchased by the Continental Trading Company. The charge against Smith turns upon the question, raised in the Senate, of Harry F. Sinclair having been a liberal contributor to the Democratic gubernatorial campaign fund in New York in 1920. Both charges, on the face of them, are serious—but whereas the one excites immediate and alarming interest, the other falls as dead as a dud. The Harding affair—that all sounds likely enough! There is nothing inherently impossible or even improbable in the idea that Warren Gamaliel was bought and paid for, like his cronies of the Fall type. It fits in beautifully with all else we know of the man. The moment you speak of $213,000 in bonds reported to have been included in the late President's estate after the sale of the Marion *Star,* something seems to click inside. The report may not be true, but it might be true. The charge against Smith, however, is another piece of goods. We read Senator Robinson's ferocious declaration that Sinclair was a contributor to the Democrat campaign fund and then was appointed a member of the State Racing Commission, without a tremor of concern or even interest. We yawn in a weary sort of way, smile at the thought of how desperate the Republicans are getting, and turn to the baseball scores. True or not true—the fact, whatever it is, makes no difference! Governor Smith has been in public life for over thirty years, and we know what he is. On the score of personal integrity, he is unimpeachable. A charge of this kind, as leveled against "Al," simply answers itself. It no more fits the Smith pattern than a rajah's jeweled robe fits the Mahatma. Character, we repeat, counts for something. We would believe anything as against Harding. But as against Smith, on the score of honesty at least, we would believe nothing.

The Filipino delegate in Congress has had enough of Washington and America. He has resigned his job, and gone home. What he said when he resigned ought to make somebody's ears tingle, and everybody think. The immediate occasion of Isauro Gabaldon's action was the inaugural speech of Governor-General Henry A. Stimson, which was so loudly acclaimed by the press of this country. If you wish to be free, said Stimson to the Filipinos, speed up the development of your natural resources. To which the retiring delegate rejoins:

> The very reason why we have not been given our independence is the investment of American capital in the islands (for development of resources). . . . Not that I am opposed to American investments. But give us independence first.

Governor Stimson was fervent in his laudation of American capital and capitalists. "The abuses of capital which excited criticism a generation ago," he said, "have been cured. The American captains of industry today have a very different standard of duty toward the public from their predecessors of the nineteenth century." Which prompts Gabaldon to wonder, since his knowledge of American history is limited, we presume, as to what kind of pirates and brigands these "predecessors of the nineteenth century" could have been! "If they had anything on that great captain of industry, Harry F. Sinclair," says this irreverent Filipino, "they must indeed have been bad." Mr. Gabaldon is frankly frightened by what he sees in Washington. "In the name of God," he cried to the American Congress, as he presented his resignation, "I beseech you to give us our independence before the Philippines, like Teapot Dome and the naval oil lands, are donated to campaign contributors whose mouths are watering for our golden natural resources." The Filipino delegate has gone home, to fight for the independence of his country on his own soil. We wish he might have gone to South America and the Caribbean, to organize a campaign for intervention in the United States by a troop of Latin marines till such time as we can learn to govern ourselves.

To try to think of the modern world without Ibsen and his plays is to take some measure of the greatness of the Norwegian dramatist and poet, the one hundredth anniversary of whose birth (March 20, 1828) was celebrated last month. Picture Europe, if you can, without Hedda Gabler, or Nora Helmer, or Rebecca West, or Mrs. Alving, or Peer Gynt, or Rosmer, or Dr. Stockman, or any other of the men and women born of Ibsen's creative genius. To tear these personages out of the life of the nineteenth century would be like tearing out the campaigns of Napoleon, the speeches of Lincoln, or the edicts of Bismarck. The people of Ibsen, like the people of Dickens and Scott, or the earlier people of Shakespeare, belong to the life of humankind upon this planet. They are important as only a few hundred men and women upon the actual pages of history have ever been important. What they thought has become a part of the thinking of the world; what they did has become a part of the experience of the race; the forces which they released have changed the character of society for better or worse through all time to come. That such persons have existed only in the imagination of the artist who conceived them is a testi-

mony to the essential and abiding reality of the things of mind and spirit. Ibsen was first and last a poet—a poet of the type, at once exuberant and colossal, of Goethe. The vast sensation of the realistic prose plays, such as "Ghosts" and "A Doll's House," obscured, and still obscures, the amazing poetic genius which produced "Brand" and "Peer Gynt." Secondly, Ibsen was a dramatist of enormous originality and power; unquestionably the supreme dramatist of the nineteenth century, and one of the few supreme dramatists of all time. It is not too much to say that he created the modern drama, as Aeschylus created the classic drama. Lastly, Ibsen was, to quote the words of Gosse, "a clinical analyst at the bedside of society," and also of the soul. "Never a prophet, never a propagandist, he (left) to others the care of removing a disease which his business (was) solely to diagnose." He laid the soul bare of its hypocrisies, and society of its tyrannies and shams. His work was terrible, but in the end sublime. UNITY salutes the memory of this great man.

What Next?

The last decade has been rather a dull time in the occidental world. We have had to fight the old battles over again, learning a second time the old truths, reviving in ourselves and others the old faiths. Having for years denied the decalog and the beatitudes it has not been easy to re-establish them. Having turned our backs on democracy and set up the war despotisms the old rallying cries of free speech, free press and free men have had an unfamiliar sound so that we have feared them. Our orderly attempt to get rid of the corruption and danger of the liquor business has been so stupidly misinterpreted and so falsely administered that some have been half inclined to join the bootlegging crowd to whom appetite is more important than the law of the land.

Are not we about ready to resume our sanity? to realize that our founders were right in demanding a nation in which all men are considered equal in having the right to demand life, liberty, and a chance for happiness? to acknowledge that men are the primary values from which all things else take such values as they have? to re-establish the Sermon on the Mount as a kind of norm for human conduct? to humbly admit that we have sinned and ask leave to make a fresh beginning?

The next task to which we had already turned our thoughts before our plunge into barbarism centers about property and labor. Of course the great mass of men and women accept the present system as a part of the order of nature, or perhaps even the law of God, and feel that there is something almost blasphemous in any suggestion of change; this is why we have a task. If people allowed themselves to be clear-headed, and thought a little about the implications of their religion, the business of revising a bad system would be comparatively simple. Since the only justification of any institution, be it government, church, school, family, property, or any other creature, is its contribution to the general welfare, it is perfectly plain that when they cease to so contribute they ought to be "mended or ended." We have had patriarchal, feudal, and now capitalistic systems of property; we have had despotisms, aristocracies, constitutional monarchies, and now democracies. As they have failed to serve efficiently they have been challenged and the older ones swept away,—usually at great cost in blood and treasure. Well, the present order is failing to serve efficiently. Our system of wealth production and distribution have resulted in absurdities so extreme that only the fact that we are immersed in them, prevents our seeing them as they are. Note that our farming population is in distress because it is so easy to supply our wants! There is suffering and loss throughout the grain belt because they produce more food than is called for! What can be said of a civilization in which the farmer is very likely to lose his farm because he does his job too well? And when he loses it who gets it, but as likely as not, some easy-living person who knows nothing of farming, but will let it out on shares to some tenant. Does it mean anything that tenant farming and mortgaged farms have increased enormously in the last generation, while farm methods and farm production have been steadily improving?

A similar situation obtains in the coal industry. The miners are living in misery, many of them on the verge of starvation, because it is too easy to mine enough coal for all America. Too many mines are open and too many miners by 100,000, are on hand to mine them. But this is ridiculous! Shall thousands suffer from hunger and cold because we produce too much food and fuel? What about a civilization where thousands burn corn because they haven't coal, and other thousands go hungry in the midst of coal? And what about a system where men grow rich on paper titles to farms and mines, while those who work farms and mines cannot provide even the necessities for their families? Too much cotton and the cotton raisers in despair! Too many automobiles presently and then collapse of the industry and wide-spread unemployment! Too much oil produced,—although the end of the world's supply is in sight,—and the oil business is in doubts and difficulties! Would a properly managed family suffer because it had too much of everything it needed? On the contrary it would rejoice, and everyone would take a holiday. Of course unemployment is just the same

as leisure with the unimportant difference that in the one case the person involved has nothing to live on, while in the other case he is being supported by those who are working.

One percent of our population "owns" fifty percent of our wealth. 228 people last year paid income taxes on incomes of a million a year and over; 80 percent of our population have incomes of five hundred dollars per capita or less for themselves and their families. Yet on the whole we are the most successful and comfortable people of any of the great nations. 82 percent of our national income pays for wars, so that we as a nation have 18 percent or less for all constructive purposes! Why do we stand for these things? Why do we keep in positions of authority those who are not only responsible for such conditions but contend that they are all right, and that the victims are themselves to blame for their sufferings? Isn't it time to replace them with men who will at least face the facts with some degree of courage, and who can offer some plan of improvement?

JESSE H. HOLMES.

Jottings

The "wet" New York newspapers cannot understand why "Al" Smith and even the outspoken Senator Reed, of Missouri, are pussyfooting on the Prohibition question. It never occurs to these newspapers that these "wet" presidential candidates are discovering, to their huge discomfiture, that the country is "dry."

Steadily, uninterruptedly, during all the progress of the Outlawry negotiations between Mr. Kellogg and M. Briand, the newspaper dispatches from Geneva have been hostile. Now ridicule and now out-and-out condemnation have dominated these officially inspired articles. Why should the League of Nations thus throw its influence stubbornly and determinedly in the way of a high-minded attempt to get rid of war?

The Duke of Northumberland draws an income of 75,000 pounds a year as owner of English coal fields in which thousands of miners are drawing less than 2 pounds a week for underground work. And yet we marvel at the progress of the British Labor Party!

It is interesting to recall, in the light of recent events in Washington, that Mr. Will H. Hays is a Presbyterian elder—so designated specifically in "Who's Who." And it is interesting also to recall that Mr. Hays went into the "movies" in order to cleanse them morally.

A Roman Catholic in Newark, N. J., threatened to sue a newspaper for printing "the libelous statement" that he had joined a Baptist church. We cannot help wishing that the suit had been entered and tried. We would like to know whether in the law, as well as in the Roman Catholic mind, it is a libel to call a man a Baptist, or any other kind of a Protestant.

"What shall we do with that $500,000 Harding monument at Marion, Ohio?" asks a despairing American.

"Make it a Sinclair Oil filling station," answers a wise and witty one.

J. H. H.

American Notes—Exploring Harlem

[Editorial Correspondence]

A party of us—the most of us students from Columbia university—spent several hours recently exploring the Negro capital of the world, Harlem, the region above 125th street, and between the Harlem river and St. Nicholas avenue. Here is, also, the most densely populated square mile in the world. I would not say congested, for there are fine broad avenues, like Lenox and model tenements, like the one designed by Stanford White, and intended for wealthy white occupants. Although densely populated, there is little sign of congestion. Negro Harlem has sprung up, almost entirely, since the beginning of the world war. They have come from all parts, chiefly from the South, in answer to the call of industry. The most of them are domestic with goodly numbers of foreign Negroes—French, Abyssinian, Spanish.

We first took a view from City College Heights. It was upon the pleasant dwellings and public buildings of 200,000 Negroes. Then we descended to walk the streets of the "capital." We were wisely guided, when we went first to St. Mark's M. E. Church. On the board without, I read that the pastor is John W. Robinson. The church, let it be said, holds a prominent place among the Harlem Negroes. When we found ourselves in the gallery of St. Mark's the pastor was in the pulpit, ready to tell us about the history of his church.

Now, hold your ears for a surprise. Cost of church, $60,000. Yes, new. Built entirely by the Negroes? Certainly. Why not. Membership, 2,000. Constituency, 4,000. Part of the money came from the sale of the old church and lot, down town, on 25th street. Present annual budget of the church, $50,000. Annual meeting soon, expect to come out without a

deficit. All comes from the collection plates. This is a seven-day church. Paid workers in the church work, 15. Five choirs. Eighty in the main choir. Balcony in which we were sitting fine piece of architecture. No posts, for supports. For lighting, no chandeliers. Gymnasium in the tower! So built, that an organ concert in the auditorium and a basket ball game in the gymnasium go on at the same time, without annoyance to either! Pastor says religion plays an important part in the life of Negroes. Also, that the crimes of Negroes are those of sudden heat and passion. The Negro is not a specialist in cold-blooded murder.

A walk brought us to St. James Presbyterian Church, Dr. Imes, pastor, where Robert W. Bagnell, director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (offices at 69 5th avenue), spoke on how to thwart lynchings, overcome prejudice and establish friendly relations between colored and white peoples everywhere. By the way, he chances to be an Episcopal minister. This association is 19 years old. Moorfield Storey is the president. Such men as Dr. DuBois, James Weldon Johnson, William Pickens, John Haynes Holmes are behind the enterprise. We heard a lot of things that burned our Nordic ears. How Negroes were still kept in peonage, by penal acts, by which a Negro unable to pay his fine, as a vagrant, would be farmed out to a white man, who stepped up to the judge and paid the fine, that never should have been assessed; also, by a system of "share cropping," by which a Negro worked on "shares"—the books, naturally, being kept by the "boss" who could easily keep the Negro in his debt for years.

The association was working in three ways: education, courts, legislation. It had branches in 442 places in the country. Membership was 175,000; of these, ten percent were whites. One of the first things done was a survey of lynching, publishing the results to the world of "Thirty-Four Years of Lynching." This stirred up both North and South. One of the results was the recent formation in the South of an Inter-racial Committee, that is doing good work. The knowledge that 4,000 Negroes (84 women) had been lynched in America during 34 years made the nations of the earth take notice and ask questions. Out of the agitation came the Dyer Anti-Lynching bill, which nearly passed Congress. The facts did, however, get into the Congressional records, and the number of lynchings dropped down from 68 annually to 30 to 18, but with the stopping of agitation the figure has gone up to 24!

There have been fights in the courts as to residential segregation. The famous Sweet case, Detroit, was related. It has been won, that people can not be prohibited from buying land anywhere because of color; also that a Negro has a right to protect his home, by killing an invader, when police protection has been denied him. A method now resorted to by white people is called the "block agreement" method, but this is failing. It is coming to be seen that the working of the principle of segregation actually increases the "mixing of the races."

The situation is improving. Acquaintance dispels fears, which is turned to fellowship. Men like James Weldon Johnson are being invited to Southern colleges both to lecture and to hold classes, in girls' schools. The association is trying to get better opportunity for an education for Negroes in the South, the Negro schoolhouses being miserable. All state universities in the South are now closed to Negroes. The money spent for education of Negroes in many of the Southern states is from one to two dollars per person, while that for whites is from 12 to 15. The organ of the N. A. A. C. P. is the *Crisis,* of which Dr. W. E. B. DuBois is editor, while the organ of the Urban league is *Opportunity*—two ably edited monthlies. Asked about the Garvey movement, it was said that it had about shot its bolt. As a business venture it had been a failure. As a spiritual ideal, it had aroused the colored people to strive for betterment, and dependence upon themselves, which had been a gain. As a political movement, it was doomed to failure, involving as it did the removal of multitudes of Negroes to Africa. As a matter of fact, Negroes were more content to remain in America than to consider removal to Africa, or any other land. However, in the Garvey movement, there had doubtless been created an international mind which was sure to do good to the Negroes.

John D. Reed gave us an intelligent survey of the urban problems facing Negroes. He is Industrial Secretary of the "Urban League," whose purpose is to look after Negro interests in cities. There were 250,000 in New York. He describes how Harlem, once white, became Negro. Largely economic. About 1910, white landlords put Negroes in many houses because they could screw higher rent out of them. Then, in turn, the neighborhood became less desirable, prices went down, whereupon Negroes bought houses at greatly reduced prices, from the cost of building; and besides, after Negroes came the whites declined to come at all. So that the present Harlem is the case of blocks of well-built dwellings and public buildings being taken over by an economic, peaceful invasion by Negroes. Only within the last three or four years have new buildings been erected. And only last year was there any cooperative building, such as the one put up by Mr. Rockefeller.

Among the Negroes, the great problem is employment. While Negro women have for long time furnished the domestics, lately their places, especially in the better homes, are taken by white women. Industry does not provide an open door to the Negro. It is noteworthy that at present only 2 percent of the barbers are Negroes. In dull times the Negro is the last one to be hired, and the first one to be fired. Negroes as a rule are not strike-breakers, especially when they are given half a chance to join the union. The attitude of many employers is "O, I just don't want to employ Negroes." Here and there, in certain offices and banks and stores, a few colored people will be found, but they are exceptions. The Negro is thus handicapped in many directions. Along with his experience, there is growing up a race consciousness.

Mr. Reed unfolded a picture which should make a white man ashamed of himself. It is to the everlasting disgrace of white men, that when the millions of Negroes, freed from the shackles put upon him by white men, started to struggle toward economic freedom, those who had enslaved them did little to lift the burden, but instead put upon them extra and unnecessary handicaps.

Then to the Library at 103 W. 135th street with its fine collection of books and an Exhibit of Negro Art and Literature! If anything ought to make the white man crawl on his knees in humility, it is when he sees sprinkled over the shelves of a library music and poetry and art of Negro creation, outclassing what he himself

is capable of creating. That has been produced since 1860!

Before our visit to the Library, however, Mr. Gray, an ex-Pullman porter, told us about the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. Here are the facts, which the American people should know. There are 12,000 porters. They get, in wages, about $75 each month. In addition they get tips. Tips are, however, very uncertain. One cannot make a budget on tips. The average porter gets less than $50 in tips. He has to pay for his meals out of this. He also maintains a residence at one end of the line, and at the other has to pay for a room, and meals. He pays for the polish with which he shines the shoes. The porters are organizing in order to get better wages. They would like to get on without tips, it being uncertain and demeaning. Passengers also would be glad to be rid of the system. Even tips are falling off, which means the reduction of income. A porter's time starts when his train starts, and stops when his train stops! A hardship. The Brotherhood has 15 people in the New York office, 74 people in the U. S. A. at work. It has put out 21,000,000 pieces of literature. Of the porters of the land, 75 percent are organized. We visited the Brotherhood offices at 2311 7th avenue, met the able leaders and became conscious that if the American people knew just how to strike, they would bring it to pass that a big corporation like the Pullman, so wealthy and so prolific in dividends, would pay these faithful and intelligent servants of the public adequately and in a fashion to encourage self-respect.

We forget how valuable these men are to the traveling public. I'd like to see the public bereft of their willing hands just long enough to wake up, so that a cry would go up that would reach Pharoah's throne! Do we recall that while Negroes are lynched for supposed assaults on women, yet into the hands of these 12,000 Negroes are placed with confidence the fortunes and lives of the women and girls of the land, as they travel to and fro. What hypocrites we whites are!

Then came a visit to another remarkable church, the Mt. Olivet Baptist. Seems to me that Brooklyn will have to give the name of "City of Churches" over to the keeping of Harlem. Can you believe it? Here is a church of 6,000 members! This building was once a synagogue, later Seventh Day Adventist, and now a Baptist. There are marble pillars back of the pulpit. The golden doors, that swing back when the baptism occurs, reveal a scene on the Jordan! There is much walnut in the trimmings of the interior. It seemed like an odd line of succession: Jew, then Adventist, last Baptist. But, such is life!

Down in the restful pews we were seated while the choir sang for our benefit a dozen Spirituals, solos and choruses. And, here is where white people are hypnotized; when the Negroes begin to sing. They might as well hold up their hands first as last. What grand sport to see two or three thousand white people sit still and eat out of Roland Hayes' hand—and pay big, good money for the privilege. Verily, the Negro gets his reward. And, there we sat hypnotized and delighted for half an hour while the black-robed choir, in the half-million dollar church, with cushions, treated us with opium of sweet harmonies:

"Steal away!"
"Were you there when they crucified my Lord?"
"Let My People Go"
"The Mighty Deep"
"Deep River, My boat is over Jordan"
"Couldn't hear nobody pray, Way down yonder by myself"
"Lord, I want to be a Christian—In my Heart."

We had invaded Harlem, and we were captives. As we lay back on the billows of songs rolling up from out the far away past, from the Dark Continent, from the cotton field, and the slave-block, and the camp-meeting and the cabin, in melodies that are unsurpassed, we felt—if the others felt like myself—like praying, "Good Lord, forgive us, and have mercy upon us!" "Good Lord, unworthy are we to touch the hem of the garments of these heavenly singers!"

And we got other surprises. And again, a church —Dr. A. Clayton Powell's big church, the Abyssinian Church, at 128 West 138th street. Lot of remarkable features. The building is worth half a million dollars. The church has a double Sunday school; one for children in the forenoon, the other for adults in the afternoon. Graded Sunday school lessons, as published by Scribner's. The church was built entirely by the Negroes, excepting $17,000 gifts by whites. There is no debt on the church. Membership, 7,000. Two services are going on at the same time every Sunday morning. Paid workers, 29—14 in full. Has largest Vacation School in New York State. Clubs, 52, besides classes. A teachers' training class of 169. Never had a revival. Members come in through the regular machinery. "Thirty joined this morning." Two choirs. No one admitted unless immersed. "Not like the Park Avenue Baptist in this." Twenty percent of the members are West Indians. The doors of the baptistry close as the baptized comes out of the water. Dinner for 300 served every Sunday to accommodate visitors, who come from places all around, from as far as Washington. And we were taken about the big busy beehive, seeing the gymnasium, class-rooms, the ladies' rest room, etc. On the wall of the latter we saw a painting of the pastor's wife. There was a passing remark, "Done by Helen Phelps Stokes."

Then we went over to the Y. W. C. A., 179 West 137th street. Quite an institution. Negro girls from all parts of the world. A "home" and at reasonable rates,—from $4 to $7 a week. As we passed around the building, our attention was called to the little "beau-parlors" which give callers of the other sex a chance to engage in a bit of semi-open diplomacy, on social relations. And, then to the big parlor, where, being seated we were treated again with the hypnotism of song —this time a more powerful portion. George McLean and Eloise Huggins ("now having contracts with the Central Theatre") made us appreciate our inferiority for half an hour, while they sang:

"Wait in the Water; God's going to Trouble the Water."
"Go down Moses." "When Israel was in Egypt's Land." "Let my people Go."
"By and By, I'm going to lay down the heavy load."
"I stood on the River Jordan. To see that ship come by."

Then later some students from Fisk sang, quite as well:

"The Blind man stood in the Road, and cried."
"Were you there, when they crucified my Lord?"
"When He mounted to the sky."
"Sometimes, it causeth me to tremble."
"Swing low, sweet chariot."

"Steal away to Jesus."

I admit I was as one in a trance, with my intellectual powers alive. I saw the cotton fields and the crimes committed by my white brethren long ago. I felt as one who was before the throne of judgment, crying out, "Lord have mercy upon me, miserable sinner!" Nothing takes hold of one and strips him of his egotism as the Spirituals of the Negroes, charged as they are, like the Scriptures, with the spirit of Eternity. If I could write a song, this would be my theme, "I ain't going to do so, no more!" And then I'd try to throw open all the doors of opportunity to my Negro brothers, that lead to the Promised Land, and say, All these riches belong to you!

And as these singers sang the evil out of my heart, I was sitting next to a young Turk—fine fellow—from Roberts College, now at Columbia—and I recalled how in boyhood I had heard of the "terrible Turk"; of how, in young manhood, I had heard Joseph Parker, City Temple, exclaim, "God damn the Turk!" just as later I heard preachers exclaim, "God damn the Kaiser!"—and it seemed to me that the mark of Cain was upon the Nordic! Is he capable of repentance?

Exhausted as I was by the emotions of the day, there was one other short chapter—a visit to the congregation of Beth B'nai Abraham, where Rabbi A. Josiah Ford is head. A westerner, on entering, is disturbed a little on noticing that hats are retained throughout the service. It is a surprise also to become acquainted with the fact that there is a group of "Black Jews" in New York. There are not many in the congregation—about 60, we were told. Rabbi Ford is the controlling personality. He writes the hymns, leads the choir, preaches the sermons, and has his eyes on what the others are doing. He is an Ethiopian. On the altar there were five white candles, two blue, and two red. There is a processional. These Negroes in the Black Jews synagogue do not sing as well as those who have come by way of the cotton fields of the South and slavery. When I shut my eyes I could easily imagine that I was listening to hymns as sung in a New England congregation, or in a small Episcopal church in England. There is the same lack of fervor, even to the lame "Amen."

I followed Rabbi Ford as he told the story of the Jews, white and black. I was not disposed to doubt what he said, for I don't see why there should not be white and black Jews, as well as white and black Christians, or Moslems. There are certainly white Jews, and as certainly Jews who are dark-skinned. So why not black Jews? Why should there not have been many years ago, some black folks following the Mosaic culture of obedience to the law, practice of circumcision and the like?

This congregation is, I believe, the only one of its kind in the United States. I wasn't especially impressed by it as significant. Rather an oddity and interesting expression of life in the midst of the 200,000 Negroes—in this Harlem capital. Our experience will be long remembered as the day when, as a group led by Clarence V. Howell, of the "Reconciliation Trips" (89 Bedford St., N. Y. C.) we invaded Harlem—and came home chained hand and mind and spirit, chained to the chariot of our Negro conqueror—his music, culture and spirit. Henceforth our doors are wide open. Come in, brother and sister, rest your hat, sit at the table, go into the pantry—the house is yours, from garret to cellar!

SYDNEY STRONG.

Towards Brotherhood

If we take from the shelf the old Latin dictionary, turns to the R's, and peer down the page until we come to the word "religo," from which our modern word "religion" is derived, we discover this definition: "to bind back, to bind fast." This suggests to us the original genius and purpose of religion, that of binding peoples together in a common quest, a common experience. But as we trace the evolution of religion through the years we find that, far from being a uniting force, it has too often been a very potent factor in the most violent divisions. Too often religion has been the knife that has tragically cut the bonds of blood even within families, and the fact that it has divided Protestant Christianity into hundreds of competing, warring sects is commonplace knowledge. The love of art, the delight in literature, the passion for scientific knowledge have ever been a means to unite members of the human family in friendly fellowship. Why must religion, the very genius of which is to "bind together," why must it continue to be a source of separation instead of a mighty means of popular unity?

If we take Christianity as a type, and it is fair to do so for in this respect Christianity has been unfortunately a frequent divisive force among the peoples of the world, we find running through the writings and propaganda of Christians the dangerous thinking which produces division. For example, here is a book which flaunts the Christian purpose in unfortunate terms: "Making the World Christian"; what, pray tell, would be the feelings of most Christians if they should run across a book labeled: "Making the World Mohammedan"? Such a crusade would be viewed as an abominable thing! Is it not possible that other races would feel the same way about a piece of propaganda which boldly announced that the Christians were purposing to take the world for Christ? "The business of making Christ over all is youth's greatest adventure," cries another apostle of this divisive spirit at a convention of Christian Endeavorers! And it smacks very much of a certain spirit during the war and after the war, symbolized in such slogans as "Deutschland uber alles!" and "America First!" Another preacher mocks Buddhists because they adapt certain Christian hymns to their services. And a famous Christian missionary, Dr. Zwemer, in his book, "Islam in Africa," puts another stick of dynamite under the delicate fabric of world unity when he proclaims: "It (Mohammedanism) produces a religious pride and arrogance that is characteristic of this faith everywhere, and which makes any Mohammedan convert many times harder to reach with the Christian message than before Islam found him!" Is it not a little unwise, and to say the least unfair, to accuse Mohammedans of being proud and arrogant, when there never has been a religion in history more self-satisfied, more proud or arrogant than Christianity? Obviously and clearly, we must all stop talking like that

if together the races and religions of earth are ever to build a better world order that is rooted and grounded in tolerant love. The source of such dangerous talking and thinking lies in the *training* which children and young people receive from their elders through books, sermons and the general intercourse of a social group. They are given a mind-set, hostile to peoples of other races and religions, and self-satisfied as to their own.

A new education for tolerance is needed. It will carry to the hearts of youth something of the spirit of a Charles F. Dole: "In other words, the law of love means that it is given to man to live more and more consciously the life of the universe—the cosmic life, the friendly life of the ruling Good Will. I believe that it is time to give up insisting so much on the Christian life, as if there had never been but one good teacher of this thought or secret." It will implant deep in the hearts of all growing minds the seed of a quiet and honest humility, such as is beautifully (from a strange source?) found in the words of Sir Arthur Keith, the great British scientist, "I want you to see that really even we Rationalists are not altogether rational and that there is room in this world not only for crusades, but for great toleration. We really must not look upon ourselves as absolutely perfect beings and think that everybody outside our circles is in error. We must try with a larger degree of sympathy to understand their point of view if this world is going to be at all a livable place."

More and more the people of earth will become pleasantly accustomed to diversity of opinion as they are now accustomed to diversity of dress. We will not feel it our duty to throw bricks through our neighbor's windows just because he builds a different type of house. Just as we enjoy the beauty of different landscapes, the varied menu, the picturesqueness of costume and dwelling and custom in other countries than our own, so will we come to appreciate and enjoy their different religious opinions and ideas. We will look upon the day when we termed them heathen and sent missionaries to crush the natural beauties of their souls into our own narrow moulds as a time of semi-barbarism. And even among ourselves the positivist will not avoid the atheist as a black-hearted sinner, the Salvationist will not hurl bolts of anathema at the Unitarian for his heresy, the Roman Catholic will not curse those who are *ex ecclesia* with the stigma of infidelity, nor will the materialist dismiss the one who finds evidence of mind and love in the universe as the victim of a paleolithic superstition superinduced by an Orestes complex! More and more must men perceive that *the first mile towards brotherhood is a spirit of unselfish tolerance that goes on no crusade for uniformity but is willing to strive for unity of spirit amid the widest diversity in belief.* The pain of a new idea is real agony at first. And it is a new idea to hosts of Christians that they must stop "crusading" and "evangelizing the world" and begin to recognize the underlying equality of other religions and other peoples.

But there is also a second mile towards brotherhood. "In the minds of many," says John Haynes Holmes, "religion and Christianity are identical, but that is not true. There are true and beautiful religions in portions of the world where the name of Jesus is never mentioned." Every religion has a prophet, a great leader, and it is difficult for the disciple to surrender the conviction that his prophet is supreme. Followers of Mohammed, of Buddha, and of Jesus would find it hard to give up their single allegiance to one great figure. Perhaps it is not necessary. One may listen to a great symphony, and while recognizing the importance of all melodies still love best the passionate notes of the violin. One may walk in the garden, and while delighting in all the flowers, still adore most the rose. One may glory in the rainbow's glowing curve, and while seeing the place of all colors, nevertheless like the red best. One may admire the artistry of rugs in general while still preferring the Persian. But while we retain the right to have our favorites, we must recognize plainly and openly the great fact of *the necessity of variety,* without which symphonies and rainbows and gardens and works of art would be impossible. A Christian will see in Jesus his noblest ideal of life; and adopting the attitude of Jesus himself, he will see good in the leaders of other great religions.

And more than that, it is necessary not only that we recognize the good in all religions, the valid and worthy and important contributions of all races, but that we also freely and openly acknowledge it. Progressive education in religion will teach the unique service of varying faiths, and the fact that when we pool resources our own and others become thereby astonishingly more beautiful and powerful. The supreme religious ideal of today ought to be the recognition of each of the other's right to his own religious experience and of the value of that experience to the life of all. No longer should we have a world in which either religion or commerce will be guided by the old selfish law: "Each for himself and the devil take the hindmost!" We must constantly create among the varying races and religions of earth the spirit which says: "The contribution of each for the enlightenment of all!"

An open-minded study of the great world religions will reveal a sound basis for the practical realization of such an ideal. How many think that the mountain peaks of Christian idealism are unmatched and isolated in the history of human experience! Let us but walk the wide meadows of the thought and life of other peoples and we readily discover the falseness of any such assumption. Here is a great Hindu like Rabindranath Tagore, saying: "My cup has been emptied, and I have had to run for dear life to the one living stream I know that flows in the depth of solitude!" Has Christianity any more beautiful expression of the longing of the spiritual life than that? Or we read in the book of the Brahman, the Bhagavad-Gita: "Resorting to a secluded spot, eating little, controlling body, speech and mind, ever steadfastly engaged in meditation and concentration, endued with dispassion, forsaking egoism, power, pride, lust, anger and possession, freed from the notion of 'mine' and tranquil, thus one becomes fit to be a Brahman!" Is there not here an ideal worthy of its place in any holy book? Or let us turn to the religious teaching of the Mohammedans; we read "A man's true wealth is the good he does in the world." Or to the Koran, which we have been taught is narrow and exclusive, we discover many such noble ideals as these: "When one saith unto them, Believe in that which God hath sent down, they answer, We believe only in that which hath been sent down *to us;* and they reject that which hath been revealed since, although it be the truth"; and again: "Consider only what is good for each, and do only good unto all!" Can we say that a religion with such lofty ideals is below the best? In the fifteenth chapter of John and the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians, Christians see the sublimest

expression of their faith; and yet in the Sutta Nipata of Buddhism we find an ideal which well compares with the very best of the New Testament:

> As recking naught of self, a mother's love
> Enfolds and cherishes her only son,
> So through the world let thy compassion move,
> And compass living creatures every one!

So might we go on right through the records of all religions, and if our mind was kept open and our spirit sympathetic, we should find more and more how overwhelming are the facts upon which to base the conviction that no one religion may be singled out as superior or final, but that everywhere men mount the high peak of aspiration even by different roads. *The second mile towards brotherhood is a spirit which, instead of exalting the excellencies and minimizing the defects of one's own religion, seeks to admit the imperfections of our own faith and freely recognizes the excellencies of others.*

As the religions enter into this fellowship one with another and begin to taste the deep joys of unselfish sharing, a new humane spirit will be born in the world which will be something finer and more beautiful than men have ever dreamed. It is said that a naturalist must enter into the life and personal characteristics of the birds, plants and even fishes, to say nothing of the higher creatures, before he can have a sympathetic understanding of them. If this be true in the sub-human world, how much more true in the world of humanity! Surely it is a spirit of humility and sympathetic love which leads men to understand and care for each other more. The vanity of separating ourselves off into supposedly superior sects and groups is the most dangerous enemy of religious unity. Bill Simpson has phrased the truth in truly golden words: "The essence of all selfishness is separateness. Whatever makes us think of ourselves as apart from the rest of creation, and of what is good for us individually as separable from, or over against, what is good for all, and makes us so set on it that we strive to gain it even though it be at their expense—this is all selfishness. All that is in us which causes us to draw any kind of lines between ourselves and others, or to erect any sort of walls or barriers between ourselves and them, or to think of ourselves in comparison or contrast with them—this is all selfishness, this is sin, and the only sin there is!" There is nothing that will build the kingdom of unity quicker than a falling in love with humanity. Maugham has one of his medieval characters describe his feelings after falling in love: "I walked through the streets of Forli with swinging steps; I breathed in the morning air, and felt so strong, and well, and young. Everything was beautiful—all life. The gray walls enchanted me; the sombre carvings of the churches; the market women, gaily dressed, entering the town laden with baskets of many-colored fruits. They gave me greeting, and I answered, with a laughing heart. How kind they were! Indeed, *my heart was so full of love that it welled over and covered everything and everybody, so that I felt a strange, hearty kindness to all around me. I loved mankind!*" The road towards unity is created not only in unselfish tolerance and the recognition of excellencies in religions and races which differ from our own, but also *in a deep sense of human understanding which issues in an inseparable love!*

Towards that brotherhood we must all think and work and co-operate, that the dominion of this tolerant, generous love may be wide as earth. We must have more books like Alfred Martin's splendid little treasure-store of all religions, "The Fellowship of Faiths." We must have more meetings for the friendly exchange of thought and sympathy and fellowship. We must have more untiring pioneers of world brotherhood like Whitman and Wilson and Tolstoy and Jordan, men who will lay down their lives together, side by side, to build a human bridge to span the chasm ages of prejudice and hatred and intolerance have made.

The Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York has radiating from its choir a series of chapels—a perfect chaplet crowning the head of a majestic church building. It suggests to us a sublimer reality: The United Church of the Free Spirit, a spiritual structure reared in the hearts of brotherly men around the world, a cathedral of humanity founded on tolerance, fairness and love, wherein is no song of proud isolation, but wherein is sung that sublimely prophetic hymn of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's:

> "No more Jew or Greek then—taunting
> Nor taunted; no more England nor France!
> But one confederate brotherhood planting
> One flag only, to mark the advance
> Onward and upward of all humanity.
> For civilization perfected
> Is fully developed Christianity!"

Unto which we humbly might add that "civilization perfected" is not only "realized Christianity" but the dream come true of all the religious aspiration that has ever sprung from the human heart!

VINCENT BURNS.

After Ten Years

[Dedicated to Trotsky, on the tenth anniversary of the Russian revolution.]

> Hero unhailed, step back, the pageant comes,—
> 'Tis not for you their fluttering banners fly;
> Not yours the standard which they carry high;
> Deep in your breast the beat of other drums
> Resounds, when your red troops were hurled
> Against the hatreds of a blood-drenched world.
>
> You marched with men through pestilence and dread;
> You taught them how to suffer and endure;
> You had the faith, War's ancient cause to cure;
> And though no laurel binds your bowed head,
> You made the victory,—Grander it will seem,
> When Man has grown to your stupendous dream.

ALICE M. SEAMAN.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyright, 1928)

PART IV—CHAPTER XXVIII

Kasturbai's Courage

Thrice in her life Mrs. Gandhi narrowly escaped death through serious illness. The cure was due to household remedies. At the time of the first of these occasions Satyagraha was going on or was about to commence. She had frequent hemorrhage. A medical friend advised a surgical operation, to which she agreed after some hesitation. She was extremely emaciated, and the doctor had to perform the operation without chloroform. It was successful, but she had to suffer much pain. She, however, went through it with wonderful bravery. The doctor and his wife who nursed her were all attention. This was in Durban. The doctor gave me leave to go to Johannesburg and told me not to have any anxiety about the patient.

In a few days, however, I received a letter to the effect that Kasturbai was worse, too weak to sit up in bed, and had once become unconscious. The doctor knew that he might not, without my consent, give her wines or meat. So he phoned to me at Johannesburg for permission to give her beef tea. I phoned back saying I could not grant the permission, but that if she was in a condition to express her wish in the matter she might be consulted, and she was free to do as she liked. "But," said the doctor, "I refuse to consult the patient's wishes in the matter. You must come yourself. If you do not leave me free to prescribe whatever diet I like, I will not hold myself responsible for your wife's life."

I took the train for Durban the same day, and met the doctor, who quietly broke this news to me: "I had already given Mrs. Gandhi beef tea when I phoned to you."

"Now, doctor, I call this a fraud," said I.

"No question of fraud in prescribing medicine or diet for a patient. In fact we doctors consider it a virtue to deceive patients or their relatives, if thereby we can save our patients," said the doctor with determination.

I was deeply pained, but kept cool. The doctor was a good man and a personal friend. He and his wife had laid me under a debt of gratitude, but I was not prepared to put up with his medical morals.

"Doctor, tell me what you propose to do now. I would never allow my wife to be given meat or beef, even if it means her death, unless of course she desires to take it."

"You are welcome to your philosophy. I tell you that so long as you keep your wife under my treatment I should have the option to give her anything I like. If you don't like this, I must regretfully ask you to remove her. I can't see her die under my roof."

"Do you mean to say that I must remove her at once?"

"Whenever did I ask you to remove her? I only want to be left entirely free. If you do so, my wife and I will do all that is possible for her, and you may go without the least anxiety on her score. But if you will not understand this simple thing, you compel me to ask you to remove your wife from my place."

I think one of my sons was with me. He entirely agreed with me, and said Kasturbai should not be given beef tea. I next spoke to my wife. She was really too weak to be consulted in this matter. But I thought it my painful duty to do so. I told her what had passed between the doctor and myself. She gave a resolute reply: "I will not take beef tea. It is a rare thing in this world to be born as a human being, and I would far rather die in your arms than pollute my body with such abominations."

I pleaded with her. I told her that she was not bound to follow me. I cited to her the instances of Hindu friends and acquaintances who had no scruples about taking meat or wine as medicine. But she was adamant. "No," said she, "pray remove me at once."

I was delighted. Not without some agitation, I decided to remove her. I informed the doctor of her resolve. He exclaimed in a rage: "What a callous man you are! You should have been ashamed to broach the matter to her in her present condition. I tell you your wife is not in a fit state to be removed. She cannot stand the least little hustling. I shouldn't be surprised if she died on the way. But if you must persist, you are free to do so. If you will not give her beef tea, I will not take the risk of keeping her under my roof for even a single day.

So we decided to leave the place at once. It was drizzling and the station was some distance. We had to take the train from Durban for Phœnix, whence our settlement was reached by a road of two miles and a half. I was undoubtedly taking a very great risk, but I trusted in God, and proceeded with my task. I sent a messenger to Phœnix in advance, with a message to West to receive us at the station with a hammock, a bottle of hot milk and one of hot water, and six men to carry Mrs. Gandhi in the hammock. I got a rickshaw to enable me to take Mrs. Gandhi by the next available train, put her into it in that dangerous condition, and marched away.

Mrs. Gandhi needed no cheering up. On the contrary, she comforted me, saying "Nothing will happen to me. Don't worry."

She was mere skin and bone, having had no nourishment for days. The station platform was very large, and as the rickshaw could not be taken inside, one had to walk some distance before one could reach the train. So I carried her in my arms and put her into the train. From Phœnix we carried her in the hammock, and there she slowly picked up strength under hydropathic treatment.

In two or three days of our arrival at Phœnix a Swami came to our place. He had heard of the resolute way in which we had rejected the doctor's advice, and he had out of sympathy come to plead with us. My second and third sons Manilal and Ramdas were, so far as I can recollect, present when the Swami came. He held forth on the religious harmlessness of taking meat, citing authorities from Manu. I did not like his carrying on this disputation in the presence of my wife, but I suffered him to do so out of courtesy. I knew the verses from the Manusmriti, I did not need them for my conviction. I knew also that there was a school which regarded these verses as apocryphal, but even if

they were not, I held my views on vegetarianism independently of religious texts, and Kasturbai's faith was unshakable. The scriptural texts were a sealed book to her, but the traditional religion of her forefathers was enough for her. The children swore by their father's creed and so they made light of the Swami's discourse. But Kasturbai put an end to the dialogue at once. "Swamiji," she said, "whatever you may say, I do not want to recover by means of beef tea. Pray don't worry me any more. You may discuss the thing with my husband and children if you like. But my mind has been made up."

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

The Study Table

Dr. Wendte's Remarkable Autobiography

In his comprehensive and richly illustrated two-volume autobiography,* recently issued, Dr. Charles W. Wendte has given to his generation a work of unquestionably unusual importance, both to Unitarians and to the whole Liberal Religious Movement in the modern world.

In other words and more specifically, Dr. Wendte's autobiographical work possesses a value that cannot easily be overestimated because it tells the important story of the life, thought and achievements of a Unitarian minister, now eighty years old, who in a singularly active, energetic and devoted ministry of fifty-five years has served the Unitarian cause in perhaps a larger number and variety of important progressive and constructive ways than any of his fellows; and who also has rendered the cause of Liberal Religion as a whole the remarkable service of bringing together, through great Congresses, the religious Liberals of all kinds and names in America, Europe and measurably the Orient, for mutual acquaintance, fellowship and cooperation—thus enabling the entire modern movement of free, liberal, progressive religion for the first time to draw together and realize itself as one, and the world to get some adequate idea of how widespread, many-sided, and strong it is, and how great and important its future is sure to be.

In considering the story told in these large and interesting volumes, of course, it will be possible for the reviewer to note only a very few of the most significant events; and even these only in the briefest outline. To see the skeleton clothed in flesh, blood and rich life, the reader must go to Dr. Wendte's own full and luminous pages.

Dr. Wendte's first volume is devoted to his strictly Unitarian ministry, that is, to the service of various kinds which he has been able to render to the Unitarian cause as such. This portion of his story naturally claims our first attention.

Born in Boston, descended from a highly cultivated and liberty-loving German ancestry, educated in the Boston schools, and in the Meadville and Harvard Theological Schools, Dr. Wendte has been the minister of Unitarian Churches in Chicago, Cincinnati, Oakland and Los Angeles (California), Newport (Rhode Island), and Boston, Newton Center and Brighton (Massachusetts)—two of the number being churches of his own planting.

During all his ministerial life, while his primary interest and strength have been given to his own churches—to his own pulpit and pastoral work—he has always been interested to an unusual degree in missionary work, in propaganda, in plans for sowing near and far the seed of the Unitarian gospel, in establishing new churches, in denominational activities, organizations and "team-work." He has always been pre-eminently an organizer, because he was wise enough to understand that organization means efficiency; and that if the world is to advance there must be organized armies of light and freedom as well as organized armies of darkness and slavery. Dr. Wendte has always been a good follower when following was needed; a good soldier in the ranks when he felt, or others felt, that that was his place. But the whole story of his life, as revealed in these records, shows that he has been, and is, by nature a leader. He has manifested imagination, vision, hope, initiative and courage to undertake and dare, beyond all but the rare few.

To illustrate: During his ministry in Chicago, he took the initiative in establishing the Chicago Christian Union, later called the Athenaeum, an important institution whose aim was to do in a broader way the same kind of educational, social and helpful work for the young men and women of the city as that done by the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A.

During his ministry in California he took the initiative in the large and important enterprise of establishing a needed liberal theological school for the Pacific Coast. He was practically the founder of the Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry.

It was in his church in Cincinnati, and with his encouragement and cooperation that the "Post Office Mission" was started—a movement for the wide dissemination of liberal religious thought by means of correspondence and the printed page, which has been taken up by nearly a hundred Unitarian churches in this country, and which has spread to other lands.

It is interesting to be told by Dr. Wendte the inside story of the large service which he has been able to render to our Unitarian churches and especially our Sunday schools in connection with music. He was fortunate in receiving in early life very fine musical training, in forming the acquaintance of many eminent musicians and becoming familiar with much of the best music of the world, in Boston at a time when that city was the musical center of this country. This musical training and knowledge has enabled him to introduce into our Sunday schools a much higher grade of music than the average. He has given us three Sunday school song books—"The Sunny Side," "The Carol" and "Heart and Voice," and also "Jubilate Deo," a book of Songs, Hymns and Services designed for use in our Young People's Religious Unions. All these are thoroughly popular in character, with tunes bright and of a kind that children and young folks love, yet real music, and with words devoid of all outgrown theology and in harmony with the finest thought, ideals and life of today. These song books have been introduced

*"The Wider Fellowship," by Charles W. Wendte. Published by the Beacon Press, Boston. Two volumes. $10.

not only into practically all Unitarian schools, but into many of those of other liberal churches. We are told that their sales have reached as high as 125,000.

Dr. Wendte's authorship has not been confined to his song books. Besides these and his Autobiography, he has published six volumes. Also several tracts of wide use, issued by the American Unitarian Association, are from his pen.

He reminds us that he had an active part fifty years ago in establishing the Chicago *Unity,* an organ of radical religious thought, to which he has been a contributor ever since.

He also recalls to the memory of readers of *The Christian Register* that during all his adult life he has written much for its columns. Indeed, besides all the rest, for fifteen years he furnished regularly to its pages "Foreign Notes," or "International Notes," the object of which was to give information regarding progressive and liberal religious thought, activities and movements of every kind in all Christian lands and also in non-Christian lands. This was done not simply to gratify the appetite of readers for news, but to broaden the views of American Unitarians, to lift them up out of their too complaisant isolation and self-centeredness, and to let them know that the liberal religious movement is not confined to New England, to America, to Unitarians or to Christianity, but is making its appearance, under one name or another, in all lands and among all the great religions of the world, and that Unitarians owe it to themselves and to mankind to open their eyes to its existence, to put themselves in touch with it, to help it on, to make themselves earnest leaders in it.

For eleven years, from 1906 to 1917, Dr. Wendte was Secretary for Foreign Relations on the staff of The American Unitarian Association at 25 Beacon street, Boston. No one was better fitted for the place. His experience in that position caused him to see more clearly than he had done before how great a weakness it has been to the Unitarian movement that from the beginning it has had such an almost fanatical fear of propaganda, and therefore, so little missionary spirit. Such missionary work as it has done has been confined almost wholly to this country—to planting churches and spreading its faith at home. While other Christian denominations have pushed out over the world, we have been almost wholly wanting in any desire to do anything of the kind. This has been felt by Dr. Wendte to be all the more regrettable because of the many foreign opportunities that have opened to us, the many foreign appeals that have come to us, and the many evidences which we have received that our gospel meets with a warmer welcome than any other form of Christianity among the intelligent classes of all nations.

Hardly any other man in our fellowship has realized as clearly as he that "to give is to live," and "to deny is to die;" that, as the old Hebrew prophet declared, "for lack of vision the people perish." Is it unreasonable to believe that if, for the last fifty years, we could have had among us twenty men, or even ten, with the large vision, the faith and courage, the ardor and the power of initiative and of leadership of Charles Wendte, our missionary activities today, both at home and abroad, would have been many fold greater than they are, with the result that the number of our churches would have been doubled and our influence in the world increased fourfold?

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

(To be continued)

Correspondence

Echoes of the Anniversary

I

Editor of UNITY:

I am just one of the many constant readers of the splendid fearless weekly, UNITY. Each week I look forward to reading your virile editorials. Although I do not know much about UNITY's past fifty years, this I want to say in regard to its present editor; because of his straight thinking, devotion to truth, and courage in uttering what he believes, I consider him one of the greatest religious leaders and preachers in America today. During the next fifty years I do not wish you ease or what the world calls success, but more strenuous battles for religious freedom, liberalism and the humanities here in the United States.

ALFRED S. COLE.

West Somerville, Mass.

II

Editor of UNITY:

Congratulations on your delightful anniversary number. Notwithstanding UNITY is poor, it has certainly had a rich fifty years. I am old enough to remember much of its history.

I often heard Jenkin Lloyd Jones speak at Sage Chapel at Cornell, and during my residence in Madison, Wisconsin, I often noticed that his influence had been great.

I congratulate you also upon adding Dr. Otto and Dr. Haydon to your staff of writers. I knew them both in Madison, and sat under Dr. Haydon's teaching for more than three years. It was a privilege, and he is a great preacher. In his address on the occasion of La Follette's funeral, he arose to great heights. I shall never forget the impression he made.

I go with both Dr. Haydon and Dr Otto in their *affirmations,* but as to their *negations,* I do not follow them so well.

We have voiced a strong protest in Florida against the big navy program. I have just returned from a meeting of the Florida State Federation of Labor at Stuart, on the East Coast, where we passed a resolution against building seventy-two warships, and another resolution endorsing the McNary-Haugen bill.

Although far away, I yet enjoy the Community Church as it comes to me from time to time by mail.

CHESTER C. PLATT.

St. Petersburg, Florida.

Maligning India

Editor of UNITY:

"Mother India" was bad enough in all conscience. One would have thought that anti-Indian venom had found the limit of expression in Miss Mayo's slanderous publication. But recent stage doings in the United States go to show that the full potentialities of mischief latent in "Mother India" have not been fully exploited by the designing enemies of India. For a playlet called "India," is being produced in American vaudeville theatres by Mme. Nazimova, an enterprising actress, who confesses that the inspiration of her play has been derived from "Mother India."

It is difficult to imagine a more important bit of propaganda, a coarser and more inartistic stage monstrosity, than Nazimova's stage adaptation of "Mother India." It is obvious that the incidents on which the play is founded has no counter-part in Indian social conditions. If Miss Mayo's book was a perversion of Truth, the play is falsehood magnified. Anti-Indian propaganda is written in large characters over both the book and the play and as such both Miss Mayo and Mme. Nazimova have

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

ONE OF UNITY'S EDITORS VISITS CALIFORNIA

California subscribers will be pleased to note the following speaking dates of Dr. Curtis W. Reese, Associate Editor of UNITY:

April 1—11 A. M. First Unitarian Church, San Francisco, "The Outlook for Religion."

April 1—8 P. M. Central Pacific Unitarian Conference, Oakland, "Religion in the Making."

April 2—1 P. M. Ministers' & Laymen's Luncheon, Oakland, "A Humanist Philosophy of Life."

April 3—8 P. M. Southern Pacific Unitarian Conference, San Diego, "Humanist Religion."

April 6—Liberal Ministers' Meeting, Los Angeles, "An Exposition of Humanism."

April 8—11 A. M. First Unitarian Church, Los Angeles, "One World at a Time."

A CRY FROM CHINA

[We know of no more appealing cause than this of the starving children of China. Contributions for relief may be made directly to the Association for its Welfare of the Children of China, or to the office of UNITY.—Editor.]

The purpose of this bulletin is to keep the friends of the work for the children of China informed of its progress and its needs. There will be no regular issues but as material comes in it will be issued from time to time. The Association will be pleased if the friends of the work will send in the names and the addresses of others who they think would be interested.

Washington, Feb. 2.—(By Associated Press)—"Months of hunger, the hunger that drives men to eat bark and leaves, to sell their families and sometimes to kill their families and themselves, are in prospect for 4,000,000 Chinese.

"Reports indicate that the situation in western Shantung and southern Chihli will be as serious between now and May as in the great famine of 1920 and 1921. Four provinces were affected then and hundreds of thousands—perhaps millions—died. Boys and girls were sold as slaves. Many ended their lives after eating their last morsel."

What are we going to do about it? In the face of such distress the compassionate heart of America will want to seek some way to help. It will be impossible to save and help all the millions of needy ones. Many will die, no doubt. In fact many have already died. The toll among the children will be the greatest. But what about the ones who in some way will be able to keep body and soul together? Are they going to be allowed to swell the ranks of beggars, or forced to become bandits—God knows there are enough of such—or to grow up stunted physically, intellectually and religiously; in other words, become a liability to society and to the state, a menace to themselves and to others? Can we not turn the scales for them and help as many as possible to become useful members of society, a credit to themselves and to the state?

In spite of the prevailing banditry and civil war conditions, the homes for dependent children have kept right on. One of the Chinese pastors writing about the workers in one of these homes, in Shantung, says: "In spite of war and rumors of war, fear of bandits and the heat of the summer, these workers in the home have kept right on and no one has molested them."

In another place (Hunan) we learn that chapels and schools and even hospitals were occupied by soldiers, but these homes for the dependent children were not only not molested but were aided and protected by them. There are five of these homes in the famine area. Then there are other homes that are not directly in the famine area to which many of the famine refugees escape. These can take care of many of the dependent little ones. The fact is, in existing institutions many thousands of these unfortunate ones can be taken care of if funds are available. The Association is in direct touch with these homes and can transmit funds with the assurance that it will be given to those who need it most and will be benefitted by it.

The Program

It will, of course, not do to pick up these helpless ones and then in a few months let them drift again. That would not be a kindness to them at all. There must be a program of training in order to help them to become men and women who will be able to play their part in this workaday world. Therefore, it is necessary to develop homes. Homes modeled after the best that has been developed in this land, adapted of course to conditions in China. America and other western nations have accumulated a great deal of knowledge with reference to the work for the welfare of children. This knowledge should not be lost to the work in China, and it is one of the objects of this Association that this accumulated knowledge of the West may become a real contribution to the work in the East. Where home-placing is practicable naturally that will be done. But even in America where home-placing is so largely carried on and considered by many to be the best thing for the child, it is still necessary to maintain homes for dependent children. It is a surprising thing to find on investigation the tremendous sums of money that the State and charitable organizations raise for the welfare of the children in this land. Welfare work for children is needed in every country. Why should China not need it?

Co-operation With Chinese Forces

The work of this Association had its beginning with Chinese Christians in conference with a few missionary friends three years ago in the city of Canton. It is not something that is to be imposed on China, but something to be developed from within in co-operation with the Christian forces in China.

Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin makes this statement: "The appalling need in China must touch the heart of every well disposed person today. This Association is endeavoring to do something in the name of the people of America to meet the situation. I sincerely hope that relief can be raised here. It may mean much for promoting friendship between the two peoples as well as saving thousands of lives."

The State Superintendent of Schools of Missouri says: "It is my wish that the boys and girls of our great State do their part in this emergency in a worthy manner."

One of the County superintendents, writing to the schools in his county says: "I am convinced that it is the bounden duty of every citizen in this Christian nation to respond to such an emergency. Keep in mind the Great Teacher's words, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, ye have done it unto me.'"

Nathan Straus, on his 80th birthday, said: "Nothing makes one happier than to give in order to relieve the distress of others."

We find also this sentiment expressed by this grand old gentleman: "It is the deep-seated feeling that all humanity is of one blood, for, whatever the accidents of birth or of circumstances of religious faith, we are all brothers and should help each other to the full extent of the opportunities that the one God of all mankind gives each of us."

News Direct from the "Homes"

Taianfu, Shantung.—"Unless relief comes quickly, we will lose our home." (They have had to go in debt for the upkeep of the home because

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overshot their mark. But the residium of mischief created by the sinister combination of the propagandist authoress and unscrupulous dramatist must still be considerable. Some of the mud thrown is bound to stick. It is evident that if free play is accorded such slanderous campaigns international amity will be seriously endangered. The Nurse Cavell Film, "Dawn," was prohibited by the British Board of Censors, because among many other reasons it was thought that German susceptibilities would be outraged by the display of the film. Surely the British Government entertains more concern for the feelings of India than for those of the ex-enemy of the country. I recall that a British actress was prohibited in Bombay from performing a Salome dance, as it would lower British prestige. Some films are stopped because to show them on the screen would be derogatory to the dignity of the West. Does it then follow that East of Suez canons of propriety and standards of dignity are to be interpreted on entirely different lines? In this game of traducing India, everybody gains except India. British prestige is bolstered up by unscrupulous distortions of facts, and the Union Jack is made to do duty as the Palladium of the rights of Indian womanhood. Truth has been verily crucified that India may be pilloried. The government of India to say the least is an accessory to a deliberate crime committed against a helpless nation. M. D.

they could not turn the children—more than 600 of them—out in the cold. They mortgaged their property and now comes the cry to save not only the children but the very roof under which they shelter.

Chinkiang, Kiangsu.—"We should have $500 gold to provide a house for weaving. The old building was condemned as unsafe. We have material which could go into a new building. We are temporarily carrying on in cramped quarters and hope the means will soon be secured for larger quarters. We regret the closing of the boys' industrial work for so long. It is disastrous to train up poor boys without some handwork."

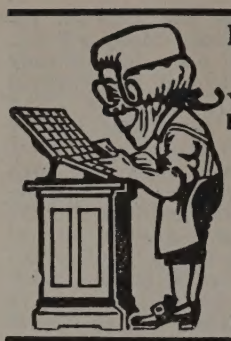
Mr. Anglin writes from Taianfu: "The distress is great in our part of the province. I am enclosing a copy of the letter that we sent to the International Famine Committee from Taian. Yesterday I called a meeting of all the leading missionaries and the City Council and others and we sent this appeal to the Committee. This money will not do the Home any good, but if possible to obtain the money, we can relieve the suffering among the masses for a few months.

"I wrote you in a previous letter that we had taken into our Home a great many children this Fall from some of the famine stricken districts.

"Some days ago a woman came bringing a child to put into the Home. Our home is too crowded—even to overflowing and we can't take care of what we have now. The mother was told that she could not leave her child here. She said that she would throw the child in a well if we did not take her in. Our people told her that she could not do that. Later it was found that that was the very thing she did do.

"A few days ago I was in Tsinan—the capital of the Province—and there were poor half naked people lying out on the streets crying so loud you could hear them for quite a distance.

China is not all chaos. Mr. Abend, a Press Correspondent, says: "There are many organizations in China which disregard the present upheaval, which keep aloof from politics and partisanship, which continue without interruption their work upon far seeing plans for the benefit of the Chinese of the future."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An Interesting Letter from the Heart of a Little Child in America to the Suffering Children in China:

January 26, 1928.

Dear Children in China:

"I hope you will enjoy this letter because we send some money for you children. I hope you will have a good time from this money, children, and we are happy to send this money to you children so you have good meals, and I am willing to send this money to you.

"I have such a good time home and I hope you children will have just as good times there with this money. Children, this money is from myself Lena, and from my sister, Lena D., and from my mother and father.

From
Lena Vanden Nieuwendyk."

If such a spirit dominated the people of America as this child ("Of such is the kingdom of heaven"), then wars and strife and suspicion would cease and the nations of this earth would see the dawning of the glorious day foretold by the prophets of the Old Testament and hopefully anticipated by the writers of the New Testament. "Surely a little child shall lead them." If the children of America will come to the relief of the children of China like these little girls have done, lasting friendship and good understanding will be assured between the children of the West and those in the Orient.

Five dollars feeds, clothes, shelters and educates a dependent child in a welfare center for little more than a month; $50 for a year, and $500 fits one for life's responsibilities.

How many children in America would like to help save the millions of starving children in China, and fit them for useful lives in their country?

IN APRIL
Comes Easter as the signal for introducing your clothes of a new season. Spring demands an appropriate wardrobe—and there is no greater economy to be practiced than the use of our service which so expertly cleanses and freshens each previously worn garment that you send us.
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Feeding the Elephant

A bank consisting of a gilded cast-iron elephant 3½x2 with an attractive card telling about the cause, will be mailed to those who would like to help collect funds for the work in this way in homes, clubs, Sunday School classes, or churches. The elephant will be mailed on request.

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